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Saturday Afternoon, February 22nd, 1913

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"	"Venetian Song"	"	"When he comes home"
"	"On Lido Waters"		
"	"My Dreams"		

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Programme



SOLO—Organ ... "Festal March in C" ... Calkin
Mr. FREDK. B. KIDDLE.

SONG ... "When valiant Ammon" (*Almena*) ... Jonathan Battishill
Mr. PETER DAWSON.

When valiant Ammon marched along,
Returning from his Indian war,
Thro' Nysa's Plain the gazing throng
Attended his triumphal car.

With curling vines and ivy crowned,
He moved victorious like a god ;
The minstrels hymned their songs around,
And Love and Joy before them trod.

SONGS ... a. "Oh, Shady Trees" } (from "Album of Five Songs")
b. "New Moon" } Marjorie Hope Lumley
c. "Love's Appeal" }

Miss CARMEN HILL.

"OH, SHADY TREES."

Oh, shady trees,
Filled with mysterious murmur of the breeze,
Oh, soft green lawn,
Deck'd with the diamond offering of the dawn,

Oh, rippling brook,
Clamorous with tales of many a shady nook,
Oh, silver beams
Guiding to Dian's land of soft cool dreams.
Ewart Mackinnon.

"NEW MOON."

A thin little wisp of a new-born moon,
Was tenderly cradled in soft grey cloud,
Three times I turned the gold I had got,
And thrice I solemnly bowed.

And then I uttered a heartfelt wish,
(At wishing, my dear, I am wonderfully skilled)
That you and I,—but if I should say what !
My wish would for ever be unfulfilled.
Ah !
Ewart Mackinnon.

"LOVE'S APPEAL."

Now the purple night is past,
Now the moon more faintly glows,
Dawn has through thy casement cast
Roses, on thy breast a rose ;
Now the kisses are all done,
Now the world awakes anew,
Now the charmed hour is gone
Let not love go too.

When old winter creeping nigh,
Sprinkles raven hair with white,
Dims the brightly glancing eye,
Laughs away the dancing light,
Roses may forget their sun,
Lilies may forget their dew,
Beauties perish one by one,
Let not love go too.

Alfred Noyes.

SOLO—Pianoforte ...

“Ballad in G minor”

... ..

Chopin

Miss JOHANNE STOCKMARR.

AIR ...

...

...

“Ah fors' è lui” (*La Traviata*)

...

...

Verdi

Miss RUTH VINCENT.

E Strano!... è Strano!... in core
 Scolpiti ho quegli accenti!
 Saria per mia sventura un serio amore?
 Che risolvi, o turbata anima mia?
 Null'uomo ancora t'accendeva oh gioia
 Ch'io non conobbi, esser amata amando!
 E sdegnarla poss'io
 Per l'aride follie del viver mio?

RECIT.

'Tis wond'rous!—'tis wond'rous!
 His words on my heart seem to be graven!
 Yet may this love not be for me a misfortune?
 What answereth thou, my troubled soul?
 No man in thee e'er wak'd love's passion.
 Oh joy, to me a stranger, to love and be lov'd!
 And can I spurn the feeling? prefer the life,
 So heartless, in which I now indulge?

Ah! fors' è lui che l'anima
 Solinga ne' tumulti
 Godea sovente pingere
 De' suoi colori occulti!
 Lui che, modesto e vigile,
 All'egre soglie ascese,
 E nuova febbre accese
 Destandomi all'amor.

A quell'amor ch'è palpito
 Dell'universo intero,
 Misterioso, altero,
 Croce e delizia al cor.

Follie! delirio vano è questo!
 Povera donna, sola, abbandonata,
 In questo popoloso deserto
 Che appellano Parigi,
 Che spero or più? che far degg'io?
 Gioire di voluttà ne vortici
 Di voluttà gioir.

Sempre libera degg'io
 Folleggiare di gioja in gioja, vo che
 Scorra il viver mio
 Pei sentieri del piacer.

Nasca il giorno, o il giorno muoja,
 Sempre lieta ne' ritrovi,
 A diletti sempre nuovi
 Dee volare il mio pensier.

ARIA.

Ah, was it he who filled my heart
 With wild tumultuous feeling,
 When fancy, with her rainbow hues,
 My every sense was stealing?
 Was it this modest, gentle youth,
 That ever, in my dreaming,
 Called on my fevered senses
 To wake my heart to love?
 Wildly with rapture my bosom bounded,
 Love, with his chain so mysterious me surrounded,
 All thought o'erpow'ring,
 And every sense confounding,
 Pain, pain and pleasure
 Alternately my heart did move.
 O folly! oh folly! 'tis all a vain delusion,
 Ah! wretched woman! lonely!
 By all abandoned,
 In this vast populated desert,
 Which the world calls Paris,
 What can I hope? or what accomplish?
 Seek joys anew, then in the vortex end!

ALLEGRO.

Let me bask in every pleasure,
 Folly ever without measure,
 And let every day in which I live
 Be spent in rounds of joy,
 Thus from flower to flower roving,
 Wildly on thro' life's giddy round,
 And from every care removing,
 Ever thus may I be found.

SONGS a. "Wir Wandelten" } *Brahms*
 b. "Salamander" }

Mr. GERVASE ELWES.

"WIR WANDELTEN."

Wir wandelten, wir zwei zusammen,
 Ich war so still und du so stille;
 Ich gäbe viel, um zu erfahren,
 Was du gedacht in jenem Fall.
 Was ich gedacht, unaugesprochen
 Verbleibe das! Nur Eines sag' ich:
 So schön war Alles: was ich dachte,
 So himmlisch heiter war es all'.
 In meinem Haupte die Gedanken,
 Sie läuteten wie gold'ne Glöckchen;
 So wunderschön, so wunderlieblich
 Ist in der Welt kein and'rer Hall.

Fr. Daumer.

We wandered once, we two together:
 I was so still, and thou so quiet;
 Would I might know, would I might know
 What thy thoughts were that happy hour.
 What my thoughts were, unspoken ever
 May that remain! But this I tell thee:
 All that I thought, all was so lovely,
 So heav'nly glad its magic pow'r,
 That in my head the thoughts were singing,
 As golden bells were gaily ringing,
 More wondrous sweet, more wondrous lovely,
 Than any sound of earthly dower.

Mrs. John P. Morgan.

"SALAMANDER."

Es sass ein Salamander
 Auf einem kühlen Stein,
 Da warf ein böses Mädchen
 In's Feuer ihn hinein.

Sie meint er sol verbrennen:
 Ihm ward erst wohl zu Muth;
 Wohl wie nur kühlem Teufel
 Die heisse Liebe thut.

Carl Lemcke.

There sat a salamander
 Upon the chilly stone,
 Till he by wanton maiden
 Back in the fire was thrown.

No doubt she thought to burn him;
 To him new life it brought!—
 Just as with us cold fellows
 Whom ardent love hath caught.

Mrs. John P. Morgan.

NEW SONG "A Psalm of Love" *Dorothy Forster*

Madame ADA CROSSLEY.

Deeper than the flowing tide,
 Strong, abiding, as the sea,
 Mighty as the ocean wide,
 So our love shall be.

Love me, sweet, and I will give
 All my being while I live;
 Soul to soul and heart to heart,
 Nothing can us part.

Warm as roses and as dear,
 White as lilies and as pure,
 Is the flower our life shall wear,
 Love that will endure.

Harold Simpson.

SOLI—Violin a. "Moment Musical" *Schubert*
 b. "Zephir" *Hubay*

Miss KATHLEEN PARLOW.

NEW SONG

...

... "The Grenadier" ...

...

... *Eric Coates*

Mr. THORPE BATES.

When I'm on guard at the Admiralty
 Where I've got no right to be,
 I can't see the Fleet sail down the street
 'Cause there ain't no fleet to see !
 It's up and down with my bearskin on,
 My arms straight down my side,
 When I want to be free like a Tar at sea,
 Out on the rolling tide.
 Six paces to the front, six paces to the rear,
 That's the way I earn the pay of a British Grenadier,
 But cheer up, my hearty (says I to myself), don't fear !
 Stay where you are, for you can't be a Tar as well as a
 Grenadier.

When I'm on guard at the Barrack Yard,
 And the troops go marching by,
 It makes me queer when the drums I hear
 And see the colours fly !
 But it's up and down with my bearskin on,
 As straight as a prim old maid,
 When I've got the route and I want to be out,
 With the lads of my old brigade.
 Six paces to the front, six paces to the rear,
 That's the way I pass the day of a British Grenadier,
 But cheer up, my hearty (says I to myself), don't fear !
 When it comes to a fight you'll be there all right, you'll
 be there, my Grenadier !

But you'll admit that the hardest bit
 Is when the girls go by,
 And I can only look at them
 From the corner of my eye ;
 For I've got to keep my eye to the front,
 My arms straight down my side,
 Oh, it's mighty hard to be on guard
 And for them to be denied.
 Six paces to the front, six paces to the rear,
 That's the way you earn the pay of a British Grenadier,
 But, cheer up, my pretties, come along, little girls, come
 here ;
 Tow-row-row-row, I'm off guard now, you can kiss your
 Grenadier !

Fred. E. Weatherly.

SONG "Spring" Henschel

Miss WINIFRED BROWNE.

Spring, sweet Spring,
Is the year's pleasant King ;
Then blooms each thing,
Then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting,
The pretty birds do sing—
"Cuckoo, cuckoo !"
Jug, jug, jug, jug, pu-we,
To wit-ta woo !"

The palm and may
Make country houses gay ;
Lambs frisk and play,
The shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye
Birds tune this merry lay—
Cuckoo, etc.

The fields breathe sweet,
The daisies kiss our feet ;
Young lovers meet,
Old wives a-sunning sit ;
In ev'ry street
These tunes our ears do greet—
Cuckoo, etc.

Thomas Nash (1600).

SONGS ... a. "The Little Girl from Hanley way" (*Rustic Songs*) } R. Coningsby Clarke
b. "Red Devon by the Sea" (first performance)

Mr. HUBERT EISDELL.

"THE LITTLE GIRL FROM HANLEY WAY."

Upon a Sunday afternoon,
When no one else was by,
The little girl from Hanley way,
She came and walked with I.

We climbed nigh to the Beacon top,
And never word spoke we ;
But, oh ! we heard the thrushes sing
Within the cherry-tree.

The cherry-tree was all a-bloom,
And Malvern lay below,
And far away the Severn wound,
'Twas like a silver bow.

I took her hand, she took my arm,
And never word we said ;
But oh ! I knew her eyes were brown,
Her lips were sweet and red.

And when I brought her home again,
The stars were up above,
And 'twas the nightingale that swelled
His little throat with love.

Marguerite Radclyffe-Hall.

From "Songs of Three Counties."

"RED DEVON BY THE SEA."

There's a little place I'm knowing
In red Devon by the sea,
With the tangled dog-rose blowing
And the whitethorn flowering free,
And the larks above are singing,
And I think no birds there be
Like the birds that sing in Devon,
In red Devon by the sea.

There's a little maid I'm knowing
In red Devon by the sea ;
When the wild wet winds are blowing
She puts up a prayer for me.
Oh ! she's sweet as summer roses,
And I think no maid there be
Like my maid that dwells in Devon,
In red Devon by the sea.

Lina Jephson.

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OLD SONGS AND BALLADS

- a. "The Piper o' Dundee" Old Scottish
 b. "For I had a spirit above my degree" Arr. by Charles Wood
 c. "The Hundred Pipers" ... Arr. by Arthur Somervell

Miss JEAN STERLING MACKINLAY.

(Accompanied by Mr. KENNETH MACKINLAY)

"THE PIPER O' DUNDEE."

"FOR I HAD A SPIRIT ABOVE MY DEGREE."

With the lark up above, the Lent lilies below,
 Young Owen came courting, I could not say No!
 But because I was poor and of humble degree,
 His proud parents parted my Owen and me.

Had he only stood firm I'd have waited for years,
 But Owen gave way; so I forced back my tears,
 And wed Hugh O'Donnell long hopeless of me,
 For I had a spirit above my degree.

But the sweet old croonawns, evermore, evermore,
 Owen whistled and sang as he went by our door;
 Yet I never looked out my old sweetheart to see,
 For I had a spirit above my degree.

For comfort, for comfort, I cried and I prayed,
 Even when my sweet babe in my bosom was laid;
 But when in my face he laughed up from my knee,
 Sweet comfort, sweet comfort, it came back to me.

Till one day to a knock when I pushed back the pin,
 All dressed in his best, my poor Owen ran in, [he,
 And "Oonagh, make haste, dear, make haste, dear," cried
 "For the chapel's full up our fine wedding to see."

I looked in his eyes and I saw they were wild,
 With the sweet old croonawns his mood I beguiled,
 Till his heart-broken father came over the lea,
 With the keepers and took him still crying for me.

Alfred Perceval Graves.

"THE HUNDRED PIPERS."

Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
 We'll up and gie them a blaw, a blaw,
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.
 Oh it's ower the Border awa', awa',
 It's ower the Border awa', awa',
 We'll on an' we'll march to Carlisle Ha',
 Wi' its yetts, its castell, an' a', an' a',

Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
 We'll up and gie them a blaw, a blaw,
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

Oh our sodger lads looked braw, looked braw,
 Wi' their tartans, kilts, an' a', an' a',
 Wi' their bonnets and feathers and glittering gear,
 An' pibrochs sounding sweet and clear.
 Will they a' return to their ain dear glen,
 Will they a' return, our Hieland men?
 Second-sighted Sandy look'd fu' wae,
 An' mithers greet when they marched awa'.

Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
 We'll up and gie them a blaw, a blaw,
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

AMERICAN STORIES

Miss HELEN MAR.

INTERVAL OF TEN MINUTES

THE LATEST LONDON AND NEW YORK SUCCESS.

Oh! Oh! Delphine!

NEW MUSICAL COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

Produced by Mr. ROBERT COURTNEIDGE
AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE

EXTRACTS FROM A FEW OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

THE MORNING POST.

No great gift of prophecy is needed for anyone to predict with assurance that this joyous, smartly written, capitally acted piece is destined to win immediate popularity. Even the first hearing reveals all sorts of good things, which will become more evident still as time goes on and the performers grow more accustomed to their parts. As it is, one cannot easily recall a piece of the kind in which so many principals are so thoroughly well suited as to their characters. Unlike other musical comedies that might be named, "Oh! Oh! Delphine!" is very far from being a one man or one woman show. Here are at least half a dozen well-written parts of almost equal importance, and without exception they are filled with complete success. "Oh! Oh! Delphine!" was received with an extreme heartiness.

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH.

"Oh! Oh! Delphine!" has proved one of the unquestioned successes of the New York theatrical season, and at the Shaftesbury Theatre, Mr. Robert Courtneidge, true to his traditions, has given it such a sumptuous setting, such a wealth of ravishing costumes, and a cast with so many clever and popular people, that the American hit may easily be duplicated in London.

THE DAILY GRAPHIC.

There is a certain charm about Mr. Robert Courtneidge's production at the Shaftesbury Theatre which it is not too much to say cannot be discovered anywhere else on the Musical Comedy stage. Expectations ran high last night, and it is pleasant to say that expectations were not disappointed. We expected much and we were rewarded. "Oh! Oh! Delphine!" will beat all records. It is quite the merriest play of its kind we have had in town for years. "Delphine" is only just a bit of harmless fun and gaiety which sparkles with brilliance. The music is quite magical in its appeal. I can hear all London murmuring "Oh! Oh! Delphine!" for months to come.

THE TIMES.

We came away with a feeling of repletion. So much light, so much sound, so much colour, so much splendour—such dresses, such uniforms, such decorations and effects! But the piece is lively all through with a thorough-going hearty liveliness that carries it all off—a rattling farce, dressed in the gayest colours by Mr. Ivan Caryll, and the designers and producers. Several of Mr. Ivan Caryll's numbers won favour straight away and the audience were delighted from start to finish.

THE STANDARD.

There is a Waltz in the new Musical Comedy "Oh! Oh! Delphine!" produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre, of which we shall hear a great deal. In six months time we shall probably be heartily tired of it, but it is certain that between then and now "all London" will go to hear and see it. It will be the "Merry Widow" of 1913.

"Oh! Oh! Delphine!" is a new Musical Comedy of a particularly bright and lively kind. The result will probably be a great rush of business at the Box Office of the Shaftesbury Theatre for a long time to come.

THE DAILY SKETCH.

The Shaftesbury Theatre is apparently in for another long run. "Oh! Oh! Delphine!" was produced there and had a rousing reception. The music is by Mr. Ivan Caryll and it was delightfully played under his bâton last night. There can be no doubt that before long all suburbia will be rapturously practising the "Venus" Waltz and all the other sparkling terpsichorean novelties with which the piece abounds.

THE NEW SHAFTESBURY THEATRE SUCCESS

Produced by Mr. ROBERT COURTNEIDGE

Oh! Oh! Delphine!

A MUSICAL COMEDY

In Three Acts

(Founded on the French Farce, "Villa Primrose,"
by Georges Berr and Marcel Guillemaud)

BOOK AND LYRICS BY

C. M. S. McLELLAN

MUSIC BY

IVAN CARYLL

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DUET "Swing Song" (*Véronique*) ... *André Messager*
(By request)

Miss RUTH VINCENT and Mr. THORPE BATES.

<i>Florestan.</i>	You are laughing, ah! tell me why!		Swing high, swing low,
<i>Hélène.</i>	Mayn't I laugh, sir? Why should you mind?		Swing to, swing fro,
<i>Florestan.</i>	You're amused because I sigh.	(The way they set wedding-bells ringing, you know)	
<i>Hélène.</i>	You sigh for me? That's very kind,		In rhythmic rhyme
<i>Florestan.</i>	Your pity now on me bestow,		Keep tune and time
	I never loved before to-day.	(As though you were ringing your bridal chime).	
<i>Hélène.</i>	This evening you'll repeat, I know,	<i>Both.</i>	Our merry bridal chime!
	The same words to your <i>fiancée</i> —	<i>Florestan.</i>	Sweetheart, be serious, I pray—
	Ah! yes, indeed, your <i>fiancée</i> .	<i>Hélène.</i>	But I am as grave now as you.
	To her you'll whisper soft and low	<i>Florestan.</i>	Why do you mock at all I say?
	The compliments you pay.		Ah, tell me that you love me too!
<i>Florestan.</i>	She will not be the same as you,	<i>Hélène.</i>	But, alas! your bride elect,
	Nor half so charming, that I'll swear.		I'd be stealing her bridegroom, you see.
	For will she have your eyes of blue?		Your conduct seems hardly correct,
	Your voice that is so sweet to hear?		For all the things you've said to me
<i>Hélène.</i>	All very well!		Are just what she'll expect.
	But, you know, one can never tell.	<i>Florestan.</i>	She'll have naught that can well compare
<i>Florestan.</i>	Ah! I vow that now I have met you,		With all your charm and girlish grace;
	<i>Véronique</i> , I shall not forget you.		The dimpled cheek—the auburn hair
<i>Hélène.</i>	Time will show. Ah, soon we shall see		That frames your smiling face.
	Whether you are faithful to me.	<i>Hélène.</i>	All very well, etc.
	We soon shall see.		<i>Lilian Eldée and Percy Greenbank.</i>

COWBOY BALLADS

1. "The Rancher's Daughter"
2. "Night-herding Song"
3. "The Skew-ball Black"

Liza Lehmann

Mr. PETER DAWSON.

"THE RANCHER'S DAUGHTER."

There was a rich old Rancher living in the country by,
He had a lovely daughter on whom I cast my eye!
She was rosy, tall and handsome, so neat and very fair,
There's no other in the country with her I could compare.

I asked her if she willing was for me to cross the plain!
She said she would be faithful till I returned again:
She said she would be faithful till death should prove
unkind,
So we kissed, shook hands, and parted, and I left my
girl behind.

One day as I was riding across the public square
The mail coach came in, I met the driver there;
He handed me a letter which bade me understand
That the girl I left in Texas had married another man.

Come all you reckless, roving boys, that listen to this
song,
If it hasn't done you any good, it hasn't done no wrong;
Oh, when you court a pretty girl, just marry her while
you can,
For if you cross the plains she'll marry another man.

"NIGHT-HERDING SONG."

Oh, slow up, dogies,* quit your roving round,
 You have wandered and tramped all over the ground;
 Oh, graze along, dogies, and feed kind-a slow,
 And don't 'ee for ever be on the go,—
 Move slow, little dogies, move slow.

I've circle-herded, trail-herded, cross-herded too,
 But to keep you together is what I can't do;
 My horse he is weary, and I'm awful tired,
 But if I let you get away I'm sure to get fired,—
 Bunch up, little dogies, bunch up.

Lie still now, since you have lain down,
 Stretch away on the big open groun';
 Snore loud, little dogies, and drown the wild sound
 That will all pass away when the day rolls round,—
 Lie still, little dogies, lie still.

Harry Stephens.

*Cattle.

"THE SKEW-BALL BLACK."

It was down to red river I came,
 Prepared to play a tough game,—
 (Whoa, till I saddle you, whoa!)

I reached the ranch where I wanted work,
 With my pistol and a darned good dirk,—
 (Whoa, till I saddle you, whoa!)

They roped me out a Skew-ball Black,
 With a double set-fast on his back,—
 (Whoa, till I saddle you, whoa!)

And when I was mounted on his back,
 The boys all shouted: "Give him slack!"

To Arkansaw I'll go back,
 To hell with Texas and the Skew-ball black,—
 (Whoa, till I saddle you, whoa!)

(The Words taken from "Cowboy Songs and other Frontier Ballads," collected by Professor John A. Lomax, M.A., and reprinted by kind permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.)

SONG "The Reason" Teresa del Riego

Miss CARMEN HILL.

Do you know what moves the tides
 As they swing from low to high?
 'Tis the love, love, love,
 Of the moon within the sky.
 Oh! they follow where she guides
 Do the faithful-hearted tides.

Do you know what moves the earth?
 Out of winter into spring?
 'Tis the love, love, love,
 Of the sun, the mighty king.
 Oh! the rapture that finds birth
 In the kiss of sun and earth!

Do you know what makes sweet songs
 Ring for me above earth's strife?
 'Tis the love, love, love,
 That you bring into my life.
 Oh! the glory of the songs
 In the heart where love belongs!

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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SOLO—Pianoforte ... Arabesken "An der schönen blauen Donau" *Schulz—Evler*

Miss JOHANNE STOCKMARR.

NEW SONG ... "When Joy-Bells ring" ... *A. Herbert Brewer*

Miss RUTH VINCENT.

Where ev'ry field is golden
With waving daffodils,
When merry skylarks carol
Above the sunlit hills;
When ev'ry wind that whispers,
The scent of flow'rs doth bring,
Come forth and greet the sunshine,
The glories of the Spring!

It's a light song, a bright song,
That floats on the air,
A mad world, a glad world,
You find ev'rywhere;
As you ponder and wander
Where wild joy-bells ring,
Meeting and greeting
The pageant of the Spring.

When ev'ry stream that wanders
Sings out a song of mirth,
When ev'ry sky is golden
That smiles upon the earth;
Come forth, forget your troubles,
Oh! lift glad eyes above,
For spring has banished sorrow,
And life is filled with love!
It's a light song, a bright song, etc.

Edward Teschemacher.

TWO SHORT SONGS *a. "Open my window to the Stars" } ... S. Liddle*
 b. "Love, pluck your flowers" }

Mr. GERVASE ELWES.

"OPEN MY WINDOW TO THE STARS."

Open my window to the stars;
The stars are swords of light,
A myriad shining swords to guard
My Love to-night.

Open my window to the stars;
The stars are jewels rare:
The best is not too fine a crown
For my Love's hair.

Open my window to the stars;
The stars are angels' eyes,
The happy angels, set to watch
Where my Love lies.

Ethel Clifford.

"LOVE, PLUCK YOUR FLOWERS."

Love, pluck your flowers ;
To-morrow they may fade,
And, faded, who shall tell
How once they were arrayed ?

Love, wear your crown ;
To-morrow you may sleep,
And, sleeping, who shall say
What state you used to keep ?

Love, love me now,
For soon it will be night :
In darkness hearts forget
The gladness of the light.
Love, love me now.

Ethel Clifford.

SONG ... "Easter Hymn" ("Ein Fröhlicher Gesang") *Arr. by Frank Bridge*
Madame ADA CROSSLEY.

Let joy and praise to Heaven rise,
No more the Virgin weeps nor sighs,
Hallelujah !
The dark and dismal night is gone ;
Now gladdens all the blessed sun,
Hallelujah !
Out of His wounds to bless us, flow
Five joyful streams, five seas of joy,
Hallelujah !

Pour over thee the flood of joy,
Into thy heart the streams of joy,
Hallelujah !
Now swims thy heart in floods of peace,
And more and more the joys increase,
Hallelujah !
O Virgin ! pray forget us not,
And help us to our joyful lot,
Hallelujah !

Hans Wagemann.

SOLO—Violin ... "Spanish Dance" ... *Sarasate*
Miss KATHLEEN PARLOW.

SONG ... "Chorus, Gentlemen" ... *Hermann Löhr*
Mr. THORPE BATES.

A hearty old buck was the jolly old squire
When he gathered his party around a good fire,
No parliament party a-hung'ring for place,
But yeomen a-quaffing deep after the chase ;
And always it happened afore very long
They'd rap on the table with : "Squire for a song !"
For never a one of 'em ever did tire
Of a rollicking chorus when led by the Squire.
All together with a fal-lal lay !
Tol lol ! Lal-de-riddle ! That's the way !
Roar it louder than you've ever done afore !
Chorus, Gentlemen, just once more !

When the Squire uprose how the rafters would ring
With cheer upon cheer—for the Squire *could* sing ;
Now when he began every man held his tongue,
Not a soul ever spoke while the ballad was sung—
They were gentlemen then in the palmy old days,
Such as we only read of, or see in the plays !
For the only words that were spoken were these :
"Chorus, Gentlemen ! Chorus please !"
All together with a fal-lal lay !
Tol lol ! Lal-de-riddle ! That's the way !
Roar it louder than you've ever done afore !
Chorus, Gentlemen, just once more !

Oh! the roystering songs of those boisterous times,
 Nothing naughty about 'em excepting the rhymes;
 And what if they were 'bout as bad as could be,
 The jovial Squire no iota cared he,
 So long as the song was a good 'un to sing,
 The story and chorus was everything;
 And the old boys felt youth's hot blood course through
 their veins

When they joined in the rollicking, rousing refrains,

All together with a fal-lal-lay!

Tol lol! Lal-de-riddle! That's the way!

Roar it louder than you've ever done afore!

Chorus, Gentlemen, just once more!

Mark Ambient.

DUET "Come to Arcadie" (*Merrie England*) *Edward German*

Miss WINIFRED BROWNE and Mr. HUBERT EISDELL.

When true love hath found a man,
 He will hear the Pipe of Pan,
 Pan, the god of open country,
 Oh, his tunes are pretty!
 Nature bids you bring your sweet one
 Where no other soul may meet one.
 Ah! "Nature made the country side
 And man did make the city."
 Come, come to Arcadie!
 Bring your Phyllis, happy Corydon!
 Learn together, if you can
 The simple tunes of Piper Pan!
 Tra, la, la, la, Come to Arcadie!

When a maid doth love a man,
 She will hear the Pipe of Pan,
 Pan will call her, call her, call her,
 With a magic ditty!
 Better far a country cottage
 If your true love share your pottage
 Ah! Than to dwell in Castle Pride
 As some do, more's the pity;
 Come, come to Arcadie!
 I'll be Phyllis, you'll be Corydon!
 Happy maid and happy man,
 To dance all day for Piper Pan!
 Tra, la, la, la, Come to Arcadie!

Basil Hood.

Accompanists:

Mr. S. LIDDLE and Mr. FREDK B. KIDDLE

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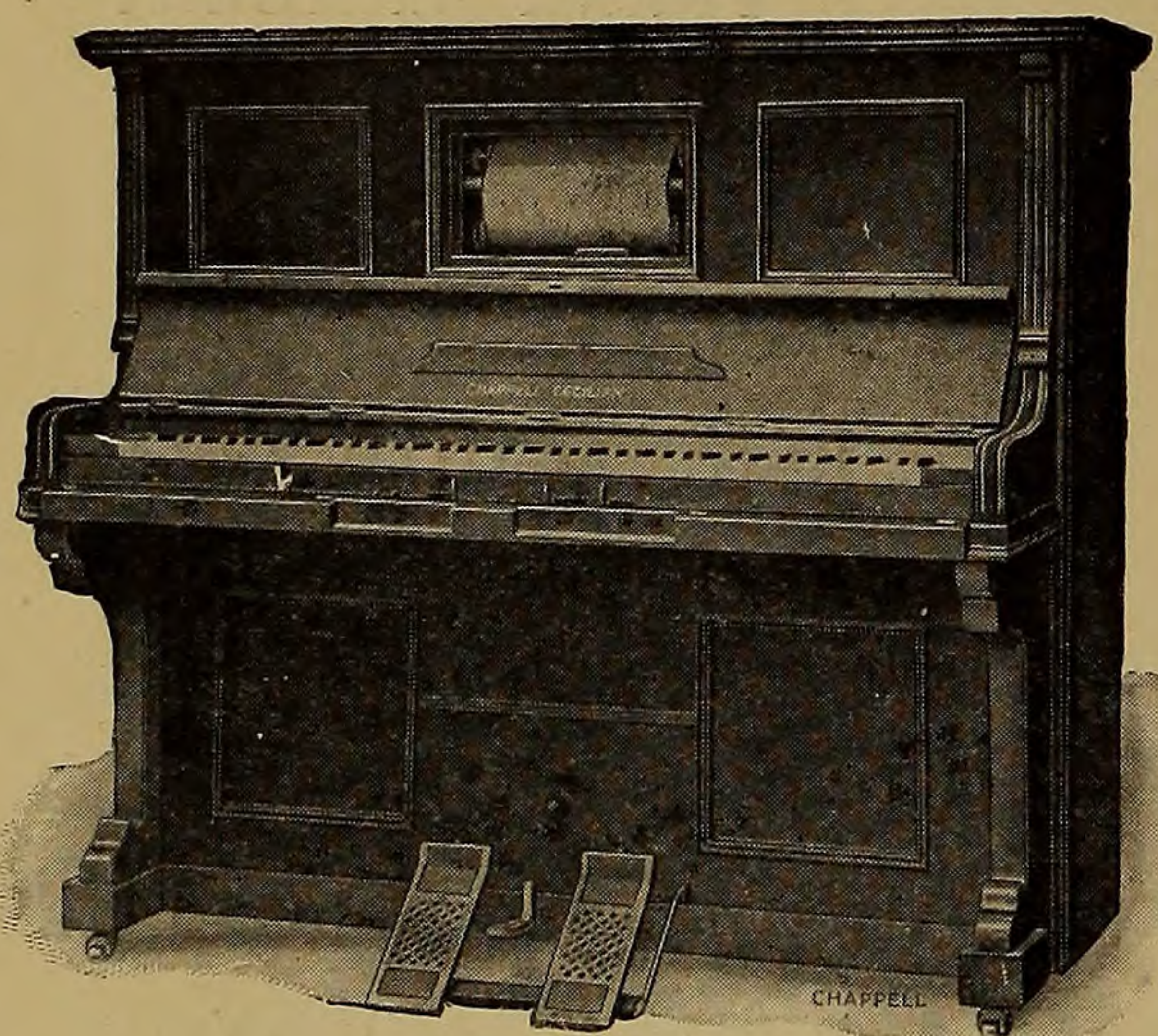
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